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The Giants of Lilliputania

An Animated Fairy Tale

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AN ANIMATED FAIRY TALE

BY WILL PENTE

CHICAGO

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The Giants of Lilliputania

AN ANIMATED FAIRY TALE

BY WILL PENTE

CHAPTER I.

LILLIPUTANIA THE PEACEFUL COUNTRY

ONCE upon a time, not so many, many years ago, there was a great big prosperous country named "Lilliputania." This country was not big according to your ideas or mine, for entire "Lilliputania" was no larger than your Dining Room. The diligent and peace loving people who lived in this country in absolute harmony were called Lilliputanians. They were kind, industrious and very honest. Indeed, so clever were these little people that it is thought the first high office building ever constructed was built by them and, when I tell you that not one of these wonderful people was bigger than mother's thimble, you will wonder how they ever could have done it.

A beautiful river flowed through their country, and on the banks of this stream the Lilliputanians built a fine city, which was the Capitol of Lilliputania. I made a life size model of this city from the description given me as near as I can picture it in my mind. I have tried to reproduce it faithfully, even to the advertisements on the buildings and the billboards, so you will understand how thoroughly progressive and clever these Lilliputanians were.

You probably will wonder how I, who have never seen Lilliputania, could do this. That will have to remain my secret for I have given a solemn promise to a descendant of these tiny people never to tell anyone from whom I got this information, his whereabouts, or the location of Lilliputania; and of course no one who wants to keep all his friends will ever break a promise.

I will not attempt at this time to tell you the entire history of Lilliputania. I may do that some other day

if you care to hear it. This tale concerns what very likely was the End of Lilliputania—although I am not sure that Lilliputania is no more.

Lilliputania at one time was thickly populated, and scattered thruout the land were a number of large cities. In the Capitol, which was the finest city, there were a great many fine stores and factories and as near as I can judge about 150,000 Lilliputanians. These thrifty people, you will notice, had a fine Bank Building. I am told the vaults were filled with gold and precious stones

Even the children would bring their pennies to this bank, for according to the law in Lilliputania everyone must save some money every year, no matter how little. Children thus in early life soon acquired the savings habit and nobody was poor or ever in distress.

The schoolhouse was a building to be proud of—the rooms were clean and airy, and so built that all the children could be dismissed in a very few minutes if necessary.

All the streets of the Capitol were paved, and kept as clean as snow. It was everyone's business to help Mayor Frickleschnitz and Chief Dulin enforce the law. If anyone would forget the rules made by the Mayor and throw paper on the street or allow rubbish to collect, someone would step up and say, "Pardon me, my friend—is this your paper? What shall I do with it?" or, "Excuse me, John, but I know you are very busy these days—let me help you take care of this rubbish." This was a polite reminder. It wasn't necessary to do this often, for Lilliputanians loved each other just like you love your brother and sister, and avoided being careless. This made life very pleasant for all the Lilliputanians.

I think you will learn from this tale how much trouble we make for others as well as ourselves when we plan and act only with a selfish motive.

CHAPTER II.

GENERAL DIS SATISFACTION THE TROUBLE MAKER

Lilliputania must have been a delightful place to live in. Fear was something unknown—not even the tiniest Lilliputanian was ever afraid. All were truthful and honest and loving. I say all, but there was one—just one Lilliputanian who was a little different from the others. His name was General Dis Satisfaction. He was a kindly gentleman in spite of his funny name. No one knew just how old he was or why he was called General. Loving one another as they did the Lilliputanians never had had any use for soldiers and even the Police Chief, who was the whole Police Department, said the only need of a policeman, was to keep the children on the sidewalk when they were down town and to keep the dogs and cats from disturbing people at night.

Old General Dis Satisfaction, whenever anyone would listen to him, would tell some singular stories. One day he stepped into John Lung's Chinese laundry with his little package of collars and shirts. "John," said the General, "how would you like to wash and iron a shirt as big as this building?" John almost dropped the hot iron on his foot and looked at the General with astonished eyes. "General sure gone claisy!" thought John. Who ever saw a shirt as big as a house! When John had recovered his breath he told the General that he didn't think he would be able to handle so big a shirt unless the General brought in a little piece at a time. The General chuckled to himself and left John wondering what was wrong.

The next morning when John went to get his bread and rolls from Dave Dough, the baker, he told Dave what the General had said. This confirmed the baker's suspicions, for the General had just left after remarking that some day Dave Dough would have to bake him a loaf that would take one thousand barrels of flour. One thousand barrels! Why, he wouldn't use that many barrels in a hundred years. The General sure was talking queer.

General Dis Satisfaction, however, kept right on smiling a wise little smile. "If Lilliputania only knew," said he, "just wait, some day I will astonish this country—some day I will go to sleep and wake up the biggest man in the whole world, and then they will know what I was driving at." The General lived in the yellow

house with the blue roof on Fountain Lane Street. He had fitted up one of the rooms in his quaint little home with dozens of bottles until it looked like a drug store. A number of tubs and kettles were scattered about, for the general was constantly stewing and brewing. He had come to the conclusion that there was some unknown reason why people stopped growing—babies grew to be children, and children grew to be young men and young ladies, and then grew to be men and women, and—well, then they stopped growing. "Why stop?" thought the General. Seeds grew to be plants, plants became saplings, and saplings became trees, some as tall as their highest buildings. Only the Lilliputanians stopped growing. Surely there was something in the ground which made the saplings grow. If he only could find out what this something was. He discussed it with Professor Pluss, the Principal of the School—the worthy master might be able to help him solve the problem, thought the General. The Professor laughed at him. This grieved the General sorely, in fact he became real angry.

The Professor loved old Gen. Dis Satisfaction just like he loved the school children in his big school. He tried to reason with him. Told him that he had better leave well enough alone. "Why," said he, "you have everything you need—all Lilliputanians are your friends, there is plenty of work, more good food than you can eat, you've good health and a fine home—you ought to be the happiest man in Lilliputania." "But, Professor," said the General, "why do we stop growing?" "Why do we grow until we are twenty-one and then stop? Surely there must be a reason." The Professor was lost in deep thought. Somewhere in the library was a book he had read when in college—a book that told about a country where there were immense giants—men so big that they might lift the biggest buildings in their fair city like Mr. Bull, the Butcher, could lift a side of beef. He had often wondered if there really was such a country. Perhaps the General had been reading that book. He remembered now that it was a fairy book. Surely that was the answer. The General had been reading it and had lost his mind. The Professor, taking this for granted, tried to reason with the General. He told him that this book was a fairy story for little children, and that an old man like him ought to know better. The General had not read the book and thought Professor Pluss was making fun of him. It made him furious and he vowed then and there that Professors, Bakers, Chinamen and everyone who had laughed at him would some day learn that General Dis Satisfaction was not one to be trifled with.

CHAPTER III.

THE GENERAL FINDS THE MAGIC FOOD

General Dis Satisfaction straightaway marched off to the hardware store, which you will notice at the South East corner of City Hall Square, and bought a bright new spade. With the spade under his arm he took the first Main Street car that came along and rode to the end of the line; there he got off and walked towards the hill that you will notice near the horizon on your right. On the top of this hill was the tallest tree in Lilliputania. "I am going to find out what made this tree grow so big," said the General to himself, "even if it takes a year." He started to dig. For days and days he dug and dug. Every night he would reach home tired out. He kept at it, however, until his poor wife was almost beside herself with worry. When the General came home at night, his little tiger cat, "Bell Boy," would rub his back against the General's legs and purr, as much as to say, "Where have you been all day, General?" The little old man was very fond of "Bell Boy"—"at least," thought he, " 'Bell Boy' does not believe that I am losing my mind," and he would give him a big dish of nice warm milk. "Bell Boy" would lap up his milk, after which he would meow and meow, which meant, "I want to take a walk and call on a few friends"—so the General would say "Good night" to "Bell Boy" and let him out.

The General had been digging and digging at the roots of the tall tree for many weeks until he had made a very deep hole. He had resolved that at the very deepest root he would surely find that wonderful something that made trees grow so big. Once he thought he had found it. It proved, however, to be a new metal; no one had ever seen anything like it before. It probably was what we today call Radium. Every time the General found something that looked strange to him he would eat a very little piece in hopes that tomorrow he would wake up twice as big as he had been the day before and in a short time grow as tall as the tree under which he was constantly digging. Every morning he would wake up still little Gen. Dis Satisfaction.

One gloomy, dismal day, his spade struck a very singular powdery soil. There seemed to be a good sized pocket of it. It was so soft and fine that it flew all about him like the flour in mother's flour bin when you blow at it. As the General breathed in this dust his throat became dry and his tongue seemed to swell. "By the Beard of the Prophets," almost screamed the General,

"this powder must be what I am looking for." He hastily filled a sack and his coat pockets. "Hurrah!" he shouted. "I've got it at last. Now I will show Lilliputania who Gen. Dis Satisfaction is."

He hastened home and found Bell Boy, the tiger cat, in spite of the late hour, waiting for him as usual. "Bell Boy," cried the General, "you won't know me tomorrow!'" He was so excited that he forgot to feed "Bell Boy." The General's wife had gone to bed. What should he do? Should he awaken the good wife and tell her the news? If this fine flour-like substance was what made the big tree grow—if it was the wonderful Magic Food that he was looking for—he, Gen. Dis Satisfaction, would soon be the ruler of Lilliputania. O, well, he was dreadfully tired—it had been a very hard day. He would mix some of the Magic Food with the milk tonight and tomorrow morning he and his wife would make their breakfast of it, and then—well, tomorrow would tell.

CHAPTER IV.

"BELL BOY" IS THE FIRST VICTIM

The General secured a big pitcher from the pantry—and into it he emptied all the milk he could find in the ice chest. How much of the Magic Food should he use? There was the rub—well one could learn only by trying. If the great big tree to grow so large and tall had needed only so small a quantity as he had found, he figured probably a cupful would be enough for himself and his wife, and so he mixed only a cupful of the fine powder into the pitcher of milk. This proved to be a fortunate thing for Lilliputania, as events will show.

After the General had put the pitcher of milk, mixed with the Magic Food, into the ice chest he turned out the lights and went to bed, forgetting all about poor "Bell Boy," the tiger cat. Pussy meowed and meowed, wondering what had come over the General and why he didn't get his supper. He was an especially invited guest at a Pussy Cats' Singing Society that night. "Bell Boy" was to have led the grand march at the ball that was to follow the singing. The General, however, was so tired out with his labors that day that he never heard "Bell Boy"—in fact, I doubt if in his excitement he even saw him again after the first greeting. The unusual meowing of "Bell Boy" finally awoke the General's wife. What can be the matter, thought she. Why isn't "Bell Boy" outside?

She arose and found the General in his bed fast asleep. She could not awaken him—the General was completely worn out.

The good little woman tried to get "Bell Boy" to go out, but "Bell Boy" decided he would rather disappoint his friends than go without his supper. You can hardly blame him for that, for it probably is rather difficult to sing and dance when one is real hungry. "Bell Boy" first purred and then meowed trying to say as plain as he could, "Don't I get any supper tonight?" Finally it dawned on the General's wife that the General had most likely forgotten to feed "Bell Boy." What will he forget next—some day he surely will forget where he lives and who he is. She went to the ice chest and looked for the milk. She thought it strange to find it all emptied into the big pitcher. "It's just like the General to do such things," thought the good woman. "You poor boy, you must be hungry," said she to "Bell Boy," as she gave him an extra big pan full. "Bell Boy" thought it tasted rather bitter, but he was very thirsty as well as hungry—besides, he was in a big hurry to get away.

After "Bell Boy" had finished his supper the General's wife showed him to the door, hurriedly said goodnight and hastened back to bed. General Dis Satisfaction meantime snored away unmindful of the catastrophe that he had brought upon Lilliputania.

CHAPTER V.

"BELL BOY" CREATES A PANIC IN LILLIPUTANIA

As "Bell Boy" ran up Chestnut Street, which was right back of where the General lived, he suddenly realized that his coat of fur seemed awfully tight, his feet felt unusually heavy. "I guess I ate too fast and maybe too much," said he. He felt queer—the houses were apparently getting smaller, the trees and lamp posts were like the toys the children played with. At last he reached the Pussy Cats' Singing Society. My! what a reception he got; some of the lady cats screamed, others fainted, and the men cats began to spit and fuss. "What is the matter with you folks?" yelled "Bell Boy" at the top of his voice. He had by this time grown to an enormous size. He was as big as the Hub Store on City Hall Square, and his voice sounded as though all the whistles and horns in Lilliputania had been blown at

once. Not one of the Pussy Cats' Singing Society stopped to answer his question; they all ran pell mell in every direction. Windows of houses for blocks around were broken, heads popped out everywhere. There was a fine How-do-you-do! Schnelzinger, the grocer, grabbed his old cornet and ran to the door, where he blew a blast that he thought would arouse the neighbors. Someone turned in a 4-11 fire alarm. Bewildered Lilliputanians ran helter-skelter. Babies cried, and dogs whined and crawled into their huts. O! it was a terrible night in Lilliputania.

"Bell Boy" couldn't understand it at all. He knew, of course, that everyone and everything around him had shrunk in size—at least, that is the way it looked to him. No one seemed to know him, everyone ran from him. Fear heretofore had been unknown in Lilliputania.

Gen. Dis Satisfaction still slumbered restlessly in his home ten blocks away dreaming that he and his wife were the despotic rulers of Lilliputania.

"Bell Boy," not realizing how large and strong he had grown, pushed in the wall of a building or knocked the roofs off the nearby houses as he thoughtlessly switched his tail from side to side. As he looked over the city he caught sight of the upper floors of the Coca-Cola Building in City Hall Square. He had never been but a few blocks from home and wondered what it might be. "I'll see what it is," said he, as he turned down State Street and slowly sauntered towards town to investigate.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHIEFS TO THE RESCUE

Fire Chief Puff and Police Chief Dulin, who had responded to the Fire alarm with the entire Department, caught a glimpse of "Bell Boy" as they reached Capitol Avenue and stopped. Both Chiefs were exceptionally brave men, but Chief Dulin had a peppery temperament. The curls were gone from the Chief's hair and the color from his face, but his courage had not deserted him. Out came Chief Dulin's whistle, one blast of which called every Lilliputanian within hearing to his aid. The big beast, the like of which no one had seen before, was a terrifying sight. Firearms or death dealing instruments were unknown in Lilliputania. Chief Dulin's mind always worked quickly, but never before so fast as on this eventful night. He blew his whistle and as the brave Lilliputanians gathered around him, he gave orders that

every man, woman and child quickly collect all the sticky fly paper, ropes, twine, hose and glue that they could lay their hands on, and bring it to the City Hall as fast as possible.

Fire Chief Puff, seeing no fire, ordered the engines and hose carts to report at their station. Then Chief Dulin raced the Fire Chief's auto to Dave Dough's bakery, and found that worthy man in front of the bakery with his hands full of dough. "Dave," yelled Chief Dolan, "if we want to save Lilliputania there's no time to be lost—roll every barrel of flour you've got down to City Hall Square as quickly as you can." "Friends," he called to the crowds, who were gathered around with blanched faces, "pitch in and help Dave."

The two Chiefs then rushed to the City Hall, where Mayor Frickleschnitz was trying to pacify the populace. As the Chiefs hove in sight the people shouted with joy. "Here's the rope!" "Here's the fly paper!"—everyone had something. The lookouts on top of the Wrigley Building telephoned him that the big beast was coming down State Street, headed for the river. Chief Dulin immediately ordered all those having sticky fly paper to lay the same sticky side up, along the wharves and streets on the south side water front. Those with ropes and twine were to hold themselves in readiness to act instantly at his command and be prepared to sacrifice their lives for Lilliputania, if necessary. Meanwhile Fire Chief Puff had ordered all available hose coupled and every fire engine going full blast. The heads of Dave Dough's flour barrels were hastily knocked out and the flour dumped into the big vacant lot on Front Street. When this was piled up Chief Puff ordered Company No. 37 to play the hose on the mountain of flour until it was a mass of soft dough. You have probably noticed that cats don't like water or anything wet and sticky and wondered why, but after reading "Bell Boy's" experience you will understand.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GIANTS OF LILLIPUTANIA

When "Bell Boy arrived at the river he saw an immense crowd of people gathered in the City Hall Square on the other side. He felt lonely and tired, as well as hungry. He recognized Chief Dulin in spite of the fact that the Chief looked so tiny now—the Chief was his friend. "Bell Boy" was bewildered and lost. He

quickly decided to jump over the stream and ask the Chief to take him to the General's house. He jumped and landed with all four feet on the sheets of sticky fly paper that smart Chief Dulin had had scattered about in Rail Road Row. "Bell Boy" was in for it now—the more he tried to get loose the more fly paper stuck to him. The people scattered. Down Rail Road Row, under the viaduct, into City Hall Square rolled "Bell Boy" until he landed plumb into the mountain of dough that Chief Puff had intended somehow to play on him with the fire hose. "Now, brothers, all together," yelled Chief Dulin, "the ropes, quick!"

I was told it took only 50,000 Lilliputanians to tie "Bell Boy" up, but I guess after the exciting time he had had that night and the terribly sticky hill of soft dough he finally landed into that, "Bell Boy" was very near worn out—at any rate, he was helpless now. But what were the Lilliputanians to do with the Terrible Beast. These Lilliputanians had fertile brains! Mayor Frickleschnitz ordered the carpenters and blacksmiths and the iron workers to construct an immense cage, which was built on Front Street. How they did this and got "Bell Boy" into it is a long story.

You are no doubt wondering where old Gen. Dis Satisfaction was all this time. I don't understand either how he could have slept through all the excitement, but presume his many, many weeks' hard work and worry had worn him out completely. His wife had rushed from the house when whole Lilliputania was aroused. She now came home with the others. "Wait a minute," said the good woman to those who had accompanied her, "I'm sure you are all thirsty and hungry—rest yourselves on the lawn a few minutes until I get you some refreshments." In a little while she reappeared with a big platter of bread, cheese and the Big Pitcher of Milk —the same milk which had raised such havoc with "Bell Boy." Of course she didn't know that this was the milk prepared by the General with the Magic Powder; how could she have known? There were just 13 men, 3 women and 6 boys and girls gathered on the lawn. All were hungry and thirsty after the exciting day they'd had. Each of the older people took a full glass of milk and the children but a cup full. They drank the milk and ate the bread and cheese, and laughed and cheered the general's wife as well as the Heroes of the Day—Chief Dulin and Chief Puff. Their noisy jubilee finally aroused the General, who came out to see what it was all about.

The General gave one glance at the empty pitcher in his wife's hands and stood aghast. Buttons were beginning to pop off the tightly buttoned coats of Chief

Dulin and Chief Puff, others were taking off their shoes which were getting too tight. This was enough for the general—he gave one shriek and started down the street —his wife after him. I can't tell you much more. The friend who told me about the Giants of Lilliputania says that one of his ancestors, who was on the General's lawn that historic day, didn't like milk and drank water. Those who drank the milk mixed with the Magic Food, in a very short time grew so tall that they became giants. WHEN THEY APPEARED ALL LILLIPUTANIANS FLED. Where they went to, what became of them, he would not tell me now. The General disappeared. I don't think he is dead. Once in a while I meet people who say that General Dis Satisfaction still lives and that both he and his wife are roaming about the earth. This may be so. If you ever meet him, I advise you not to have anything to do with him, for I fear he is still trying to get control of all good people.

I have told you now how there came to be Giants in Lilliputania. How they became a great nation and did many wonderful things, and what influence General Dis Satisfaction's ambition had on their lives is another story.

"DEEP MEANING OFT LIES
HID IN CHILDREN'S PLAY."
—*Schiller*

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